

ANCONA UNWARNED REPORTS CAPTAIN

FIRST SIGN OF SUBMARINE WAS
SHELL GRAZING HIS
BOAT.

PASSENGERS SLAIN ON DECK

Story Conflicts With Statement Made
That Time Was Given to Launch
Boat—Panic Caused Many
Deaths.

London.—"The commander of the Ancona," says a dispatch from Tunis, "declares the submarine gave his vessel no signal to stop. The first sign of the presence of the submarine was a shell from a distance of five miles, which grazed the steamer. The Ancona stopped dead."

"Subsequently shells hit the boats which were being made ready for launching and many passengers were killed or wounded on the deck and in the boats. Some of the passengers who had been thrown into the water approached the submarine, but were repelled and derided."

"Finally shells and torpedoes were fired at the Ancona from a distance of 300 yards."

The commander's statement conflicts with stories told by survivors, who say the ship was overhauled after a long chase, the commander given time to remove passengers and that panic among immigrants was responsible for the large loss of life.

Fewer than 150 lives were lost in the sinking of the Ancona, advices indicate. Figures obtained at Naples show 347 were saved out of 496 on board, leaving 149 to be accounted for.

Says There Were Two Submarines.

One of the Ancona's officers named Salvemini says that towards noon he sighted two submarines, which, by reason of the steamer's siren, a thick fog and the reduced speed of the liner were able to approach unobserved.

The officer declares other submarines flew the Austrian colors, but several other survivors affirm that the flag was struck and replaced by the German colors as soon as the liner was sighted.

Flour Shortage in New York.

New York.—New York flour dealers plan to appeal to Washington for aid unless the marked flour shortage in this city is quickly relieved. Prominent dealers said that because of freight congestion many railroads have been sidetracking flour consigned to New York, with the result that a slight traffic tie-up would cause a flour famine.

Fatal Wreck Blame Placed.

Topeka, Kan.—Had the section foreman and bridge inspector used due diligence, the Union Pacific wreck at Randolph, Kan., on Oct. 17, in which 11 persons lost their lives, would not have occurred, according to a decision by the state utilities commissioner.

Ice Hums in Relief Ship.

New York.—The ship Cluett, sent north last spring to the relief of the Crocker land expedition, has been unable to reach Etah, the exploring party's base, and, on Sept. 12, the relief ship was hemmed in ice in North Star Bay.

Philippine Bill to Come Up.

Washington.—The bill to give a greater measure of self-government to the Philippines, which failed of passage by congress at the last session, again will be made part of the administration program for the next session.

President of D. & R. G.

New York.—H. U. Mudge was elected president of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, succeeding Arthur Coppel, the New York banker. Mudge resigned last week as chief officer of the Rock Island system.

Minister Naon Sees President.

Washington.—Romulo S. Naon, Argentine minister, who leaves shortly for his own country on a vacation, called on President Wilson to pay his respects and say good-bye.

Cross Continent Petrol Train.

Richmond, Cal.—An express train with armed guard and carrying 750,000 gallons of petrol to fill war orders, will leave here for New York every 24 hours until the Panama Canal is reopened for traffic.

Explosion at Liege Fort Kills 18.

Amsterdam.—Eighteen German officers and soldiers were killed and 50 wounded when a portion of Fort Machodette was blown to pieces by an accidental explosion.

Beats His Mother to Death.

Princeton, Ind.—Bert Hope, 40 years old, beat his mother to death on the 12th of November. She was 76 years of age, and true to her motherly instincts, died with her forgiveness on her lips. He later attempted suicide.

American Reported Assassinated.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Reports that W. S. Windham, formerly a banker and merchant at Pasadena, Cal., had been assassinated in the territory of Tepic, Mex., were received by Los Angeles friends.

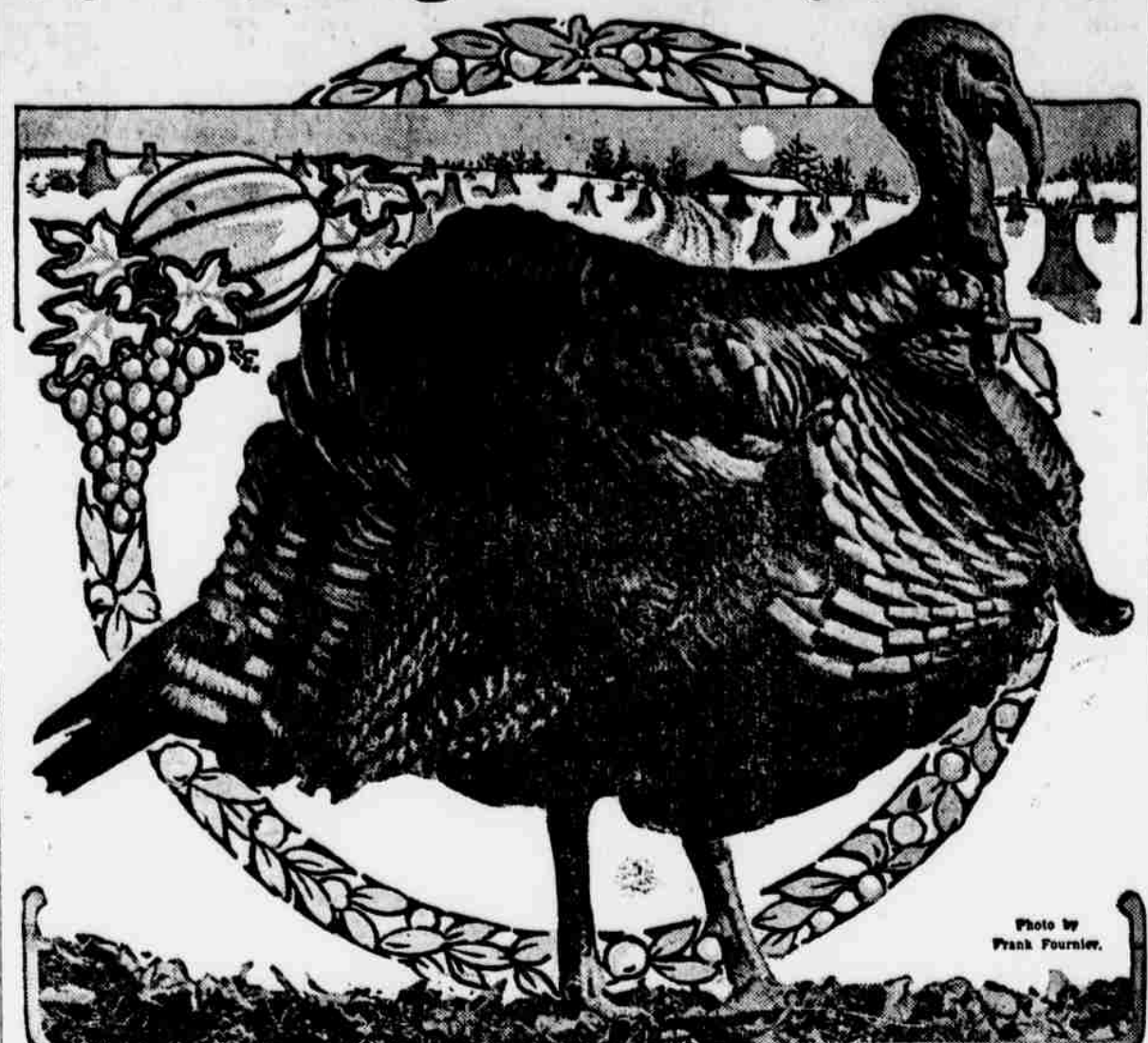
Cabbages for Allies.

Rochester, N. Y.—Upwards of 50,000,000 pounds of vegetables have been purchased in this section by a Belleville, Ontario, corporation to be concentrated and shipped to France to feed soldiers.

Prevent Birth of Defectives.

Chippewa Falls, Wis.—Sterilization operations, the first under the new Wisconsin law, were performed at the State Home for the Feeble-Minded here on ten male inmates, whose ages range from 15 to 30 years.

Turkey Soars Above the Eagle Today



For Thanksgiving is the day and the turkey is the viand that are peculiarly American. The eagle may appeal to our hearts, but who would swap the Thanksgiving turkey when it is a question of the rest of his body?

An Automobile Thanksgiving By Kate Upson Clark

"HATE 'em!" good old Deacon Phipps was in the habit of saying, whenever he saw an automobile. From the first moment the new invention appeared, scaring his steady old horses almost to death, and breaking up one of his best farm wagons, Deacon Phipps had no patience with any kind of a motor vehicle.

As time went on, and many of his neighbors bought automobiles, his horses became wonted to them and turned never a hair when they whizzed by; but the good deacon did not relent. Whenever one passed him on the road, throwing, perhaps, a shower of dust or mud upon his modest carriage, and leaving behind it a trail of ill-odor, he would mutter (under his breath) words which no good deacon should ever, ever use.

The deacon and his wife grew old, and their six children all married, excepting Rhoda, the youngest, who stayed at home to take care of them. The four sons were prosperous, and the older daughter had married a very rich man and lived one hundred or more miles away. Two sons had become farmers and lived quite near. One was a merchant in a large town perhaps fifty miles distant. The fourth one was a minister, settled in the same town with the merchant brother. To the infinite disgust of Deacon Phipps, all of these sons, excepting the minister, owned automobiles, and Thomas, the merchant, actually sported three or four. When his father found this out, he came almost to the point of breaking off relations with Thomas.

In the old days, the family had used to gather on the day before Thanksgiving, and the large, airy chambers of the ample Phipps homestead could accommodate them all. Now the children and the grandchildren had increased in number until such gatherings were no longer possible. The uncles and aunts had died or had become infirm. There had been some pretty lonely Thanksgivings at the hospitable Phipps farm.

It was during the week before the great day that Deacon Phipps was sitting before the open fire in his big, comfortable sitting-room, and pondering over this melancholy fact. "Tain't right," he grumbled to his gentle wife, who sat knitting beside him. "Tain't right to have families scattered so at Thanksgiving. I wish we could get our folks all together, Susan, just once more. Here you an' I are vergin' onto eighty, an' we hain't had our folks all together, for goin' on ten year now. Here's this great house, dinin' room fit to seat thirty, an' this room to spill over into for as many more, and countin' Sister Judy an' Brother Ben, all the sister an' brother we've got left, bless 'em!—except Betty, an' she's tied to the house by her broken hip, an' always will be, it's likely—all put together they only count up forty-one, but we can't get 'em together."

"Well," he mused on, "we'll try to get a dozen or so of 'em an' call it a family party, but you an' I an' Rhody, an' the help are strong an' hearty, an' could take care of 'em all, if they would only come. But I don't see any way."

"No, there isn't any way," sighed his good wife, "but you hadn't oughter complain, Silas. Y'e've got a sight o' blessin's, an' we'd oughter think o' those we've got an' not hanker after those we can't have." Which was good doctrine, though it could not quite stop the deacon's grumbling.

Miss Rhoda Phipps was quite equal to the task of taking care of the old people. A strong woman helped her in the kitchen, and there were neighbors near by who were ready to do extra work. Job, the good middle-aged man who had taken care of the horses for many a year, was no mean hand at household as well as stable service, and at this special Thanksgiving season Miss Rhoda kept them all busy until the pantries were piled thick, with dainties. Mrs. Phipps thought that there was too much food prepared.

"Why, Rhoda, what do we want with twenty apple pies and six turkeys and ten chicken pies and a gallon of cranberry sauce?" she cried. "We never in the world can eat them up before they spoil! As near as I can make out, there are only about ten coming, anyway."

But Miss Rhoda said she "would risk it," and laughed her mother back to her post beside the fire. By ten o'clock Thanksgiving morning the whole farmhouse was in speckless order. Aunt Judy and Uncle Ben had promised to come early, and so had son John and his family. Deacon Phipps was restlessly peering up the road, long before the proper time, and Mrs. Phipps was almost as impatient as he.

Presently over the brow of the hill came a great touring car. The deacon



Deacon Phipps Was Restlessly Peering Up the Road.

scowled, but as he heard, first the sweet Gabriel horn, and then the rough roar of the Klaxon, his face relaxed a little. Who were in the car? It was not the family of son John. Surely it was Thomas and his minister brother, with several members of their families, and Mrs. Phipps fairly cried with joy as she saw them.

"There is another load just behind us," they shouted, as they drew up before the door. "Another load!" There were half a dozen loads before the final toll was taken and when two strong, big Phipps sons lifted out from one of the cushioned limousines poor, lame old Aunt Betty, who could not have dreamed of coming in anything except such a softly padded vehicle, the tears were dropping all over Mother Phipps' best white lace jabot.

Such a Thanksgiving! Every single one of the Phipps children and grandchildren was there! The good deacon's voice trembled with joy as he asked the blessing, and poured out his thanks before God.

"But you know, father," said Thomas Phipps, slyly, "there are several of us who couldn't possibly have come if it hadn't been for those automobiles that you hate so."

The deacon aghemed, and bristled a little, but in the face of the loud merriment which greeted this perfectly true reminder, his few rather growling remarks could not be heard.

"You know there really isn't much danger from automobiles nowadays," father, proceeded Thomas Phipps diplomatically. "The chauffeurs are better taught than they used to be, the machines can be stopped more easily—oh, in every way they are improved."

"Improved!" shouted the deacon, unable to restrain himself longer. "You can't pick up a paper without readin' about some shockin' accident through carelessly driven automobiles. Im-proved! They can't be improved. They are inventions of the evil one himself. You can't tell me! I read the papers."

"Wait a minute, father!" laughed Thomas, amid the eager looks of all the others, who were evidently full of suppressed excitement. "We—well—we feel as though we all wanted to see more of you and mother than we have seen lately, but we don't feel safe to have you traveling around on the cars any more, and your horses can't take you as far as most of us live, so we have clubbed together and have bought you the strongest and handsomest limousine car that we could find. We have put a sum at interest in the bank to pay for the keeping of it, and we have had Job taught how to run it. You know he has been away a good many afternoons. Well, he has been learning how to run a car. You can trust him, and now you and mother can beat a big soapstone and climb into your limousine and come and see us all, and we expect you to do it. Now what do you say to that, father?"

What could the old man say? He turned red, stammered, looked at his wife, who was smiling significantly, and then had the grace to accept and thank his children for their munificent gift.

All of Deacon Phipps' neighbors laugh a little when they see him riding by in his splendid automobile. But they are wise enough to sober up when they catch his eye.

TRACED TO ENGLISH CUSTOM

Another Account of the Origin of Thanksgiving Day, as it is Now Celebrated.

Thanksgiving day, as we know it, has its origin in the custom of kings of England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to proclaim a day of national thanksgiving for some great victory or some other blessing of heaven.

The first American Thanksgiving day was July 20, 1775. The second was Friday, May 17, 1776. The third was December 11, also in 1776, which thus had two Thanksgivings. Washington issued his first Thanksgiving proclamation to his army, from Valley Forge, in 1777. In those days the date was prescribed by a committee of the continental congress. In 1778 the chaplains of congress drew up the proclamation.

There were no national Thanksgiving days from the presidency of Madison to that of Lincoln, but Thanksgiving day had been an institution in New England since the middle of the seventeenth century and quite eclipsed Christmas. Governor Jay tried unsuccessfully to establish it in New York, and Governor Clinton succeeded. In the western states that were settled by New Englanders the day became an annual feast.

It was through the persistent efforts of Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, a New Hampshire widow living in Philadelphia and editing the Ladies' Magazine and Godey's Lady Book, that the day became national. If not in law at least in practice. For twenty years she carried on the agitation; President Lincoln yielded to her and set the precedent of proclaiming the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving day—Exchange.

IN A RAIN OF FIRE

Australian Tells of Landing on Gallipoli Peninsula.

Turkish Soldiers Tested the Metal of Colonial Troops Who Sought to Press Forward to the Sultan's Capital.

"A sea, smooth as a mirror, covered with a light mist," so relates an Australian, and beyond great hills and faint outlines of battleships and transports, overhead a hydroplane lurking about the Turkish position, such was the spectacle presented to us on April 25, when we approached the Gallipoli peninsula. Our run was straight forward to the shore toward the foot of Gaba Tepe hill, but the destroyer, it must be understood, was unable to bring us close to the beach. There we lay in an open boat, looking at each other in a puzzled way, while bullets came whizzing past right and left and over us. At last the barges were advanced as much as possible. We quickly jumped into the water, almost to our armpits, and arrived, half swimming, half wading, at the shore. In former times I have often been inquisitive to know how it felt to be in a desperate position. Now I have found that out. I felt as if someone had delivered a terrible blow at my chest with the flat part of a spade.

"We passed the first-aid stations, which already were overburdened with stretchers bearing wounded. Then came a tollsome, tiring climb over great sand dunes to the firing line. Snipers lay concealed everywhere in ambush and bullets struck all around in the rocks and bushes. In this way, surrounded by a thousand dangers, we reached the line of fire, where I was detached from my company for duty to ascertain the shooting range for an Australian regiment. Through the excellent telescope of my rangefinder I could observe the Turkish retreat and had even a tiny picture of a bayonet charge of our own men. Still came the wounded in seemingly unending streams; then our trencher awoke to life. One of the sharpshooters seemed to have a grudge against the rangefinder, as two bullets struck the immediate breastworks; the man next to me suddenly reared up high and fell to my feet. 'At an end,' he cried, and then added, faintly hesitating, 'money in belt—wife and children—' The Turks had evidently got our range, then the situation became more and more uncomfortable, and those of us who were left had to shift our positions several hundred yards to the rear, until it was finally possible to silence this dangerous marksman.

"On the following afternoon I directed again my glass on this tragic group and saw that the sailor now lay on his back, his face pointing toward heaven. Without a doubt yesterday he was alive and may have been even now after 36 hours still living. And now it shot more violently through my being. In the midst of the group I observed a movement and saw plainly a man extricating himself and slowly hobbling along the bank. With four other I set out to rescue the unfortunate, who in the meantime had collapsed. We found yet four others living and heard from them that last night there had still been eight of them.

"To our right rattled a hostile machine gun like a motor cycle and came gradually nearer. A navalplane from its mothership, Ark Royal, anchored in the nearby bay, hovered over our heads encircled by white shrapnel cloudlets, coming from the Turks. Soon thereafter the flyer turned about and flew back to make a report. The effect of this was not long in waiting, it came in shape of a ship's shell, which with ear-benumbing screech flew

over our heads. Far from us rose a cloud of smoke and earth, gradually dispersing. Now the guns from the ships began in earnest. From the bay came an uninterrupted thundering, and the whizzing of the heavy projectiles, as a 'V' battery fired one salvo after another. Brown smoke ascended from the hostile bulwarks and for a long time thereafter the hills trembled with the long-drawn-out thunder of the explosions.

"Now, cannon of the enemy began to reply, shrapnel burst over us, and the whistling of the flying bullets seemed to be all about us. For three hours lasted this violent cannonade. We were now solidly entrenched, however, with very heavy sacrifices. Behind us on the beach were brought up gradually supplies; horses and mules came to land, and the reserve ammunition steadily accumulated. Men carried water, munitions and oil for the machine guns to the firing line. On all paths moved the stretcher-bearers with their sad burdens and wounded patiently waited in small groups at the bandage stations. In the hot sun the surgeons worked like machines. Many wounds were beyond all help and a white cloth covered many a face. Although we were only six hours on land, three wireless stations shot up like mushrooms out of the earth, and their crackling sparks betrayed to the warships where to direct their projectiles. Incessantly new troops were unloaded, which immediately were chased to the firing line.

"With the beginning of darkness the bombardment subsided, but the Turkish shrapnels continued bursting over the beach and the wounded were therefore exposed to heavy shrapnel fire. Also, the nerve-destrorying rifle fire would not cease. Of sleep no one could think and the digging of trenches had to be taken in hand at once, in order to fortify our position. To our left, distant about a half mile, a lonely boat rocked in the surf; with help of my glass I could determine its load. At least eight dead sat upright therein and near at the beach lay a further 20 men. A seaman, who could be identified by his white cap, lay there in a remarkable lifelike position, his chin supported by his hand.

Serbia's King Arthur.

The picture, "King Marko Returns to Head His People," on the Serbian flag day posters is based on one of the most popular of Serbian legends, the Pall Mall Gazette says. Marko, who ranks as the Serbian King Arthur, was the son of King Vukashin, whom he denounced for usurping the throne, which rightly belonged to Urosh, son of Dushan. Vukashin cursed him, and prayed that he might have neither tomb nor posterity, and be doomed to serve "the tear of the Turks," but Urosh blessed him, and prayed that he might know no equal in wisdom or prowess, and be remembered as long as the earth endured.

"Thus they spoke, and thus it came to pass," says an old Serbian ballad. Marko fought for the sultan, but "the sultan feared him, for his wrath was terrible," and though he knew no sepulture, he lived, says the legends, for 300 years. He still lives in the hearts of patriotic Serbians, many of whom believe that one day he will awake and come forth to restore the glories of the former empire.

Domestic Strategy.

"Father, you know a lot about battles and skirmishes. Did you ever execute a strategic retreat?" "My son, doesn't the fact that after twenty years of married life I am still the nominal head of this family prove that I am some strategist?"

All Kinds.

"Well, we can expect cold weather most any time now." "As far as that goes, we can expect any kind of weather any old time."

Lucius Moore says the reason a man is afraid of his wife is that he nearly always is guilty.

Stop That Backache!

There's nothing more discouraging than a constant backache. You are lame when you awake. Pains pierce you when you bend or lift. It's hard to rest and next day it's the same old story. Pain in the back is nature's warning of kidney ills. Neglect may pave the way to dropsy, gravel, or other serious kidney sickness. Don't delay—begin using Doan's Kidney Pills—the remedy that has been curing backaches and kidney trouble for over fifty years.

A Missouri Case

Mrs. W. Toohay, "Every Body's Friend," 8043 Magazine St., St. Louis, Mo., says: "I was sick and bed-ridden for eighteen months with kidney trouble. For a year after, I walked on crutches and I looked like a physical wreck. I had to take long vacations away from home to keep alive. When I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, I used them and they restored me to good health. I haven't suffered since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Exposed to Temptation. "I hope you will be happy, Mary," said the mistress to her maid, who was leaving to get married.

"Thank you, ma'am. My young man is very steady, considering his environment."

"What does he do?" "He's a valet to a young millionaire, ma'am."

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

His Forte Was Finance. Little Tommy passed for a very practical youth. The other day his Uncle John bought him, as a birthday present, a "word game," which Tommy had never played, and which did not seem to be particularly attractive to him.

Nevertheless, Tommy did not forget to thank his uncle, and by and by, edging around his chair, he asked: "I say, Uncle John?"

"Well?"

"This game really belongs to me now, doesn't it?"

"Why, of course."

"To do just as I want with it?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll sell it to you for a shilling."

Too Much Ham to Be Hungry.

An English town council, after a protracted sitting, was desirous of adjourning for lunch.

The proposition was opposed by the mayor, who thought that if his fellow officeholders felt the stimulus of hunger the dispatch of business would be much facilitated. At last a rather illiterate member got up and exclaimed: "I am astonished, I am surprised, I am amazed, Mr. Mayor, that you will not let us go to lunch."

"And I am surprised," replied the mayor, "that a man who has got so much 'ham' in his mouth should want any lunch at all."

Not Even Enough for Wings.

May—No, George, it cannot be. I am not good enough to be your wife.

George—What nonsense, dear! You are an angel!

May—George, even an angel could not be happy with a man who had only "1,200 a year and feathers the price they are!"

Its Source.

"What is the cause of that noise which seems to be coming from the foreign warship?"

"Oh, that's nothing. Only another interned prisoner on parole breaking his word."

Curative Value In Food?

"Recalling that 90% of disease results from errors in diet, then foods properly prescribed by the physician can justly be said to have curative value."

—Dr. Henry B. Hollen, in *The Medical Standard*.

One of the errors in the diet of many people is the use of foods robbed of the vital mineral salts (phosphate of potash, etc.) which are absolutely necessary for proper balance of body, brain and nerves. The result is a long list of ills, including nervous prostration, kidney trouble, constipation, rickets in children, and so on.

Twenty years ago a whole wheat and barley food, containing all the nutriment of the grain, including the priceless mineral elements, was devised especially to correct errors in diet. That food is

Grape-Nuts

It fulfills its mission admirably.

Another physician says:

"Nearly half the year my breakfast consists of a dish of Grape-Nuts, one or two eggs, or fruit. I RECOMMEND IT TO MY PATIENTS CONSTANTLY, and invariably with good results."

This wholesome food not only builds sturdy health and strength, but fortifies the system against disease. Ready-to-eat, nourishing, economical, delicious—

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts